

PESHINE PARADISE

Comes a crowd at just eight-twenty,
Surely, we've got kids a-plenty!
Come some more, eight-forty-five,
Later they should not arrive.

Just got here - where are they going?
To Activities, with faces glowing!
Happens three times in the morning,
And maybe a drill without a warning.

Eleven-twenty, children coming,
Can't you see the works a-gumming?

Eleven-thirty, out for lunch -
What's the matter with that bunch,
Sitting there, each lad and lass?
Oh! a morning part-time class!
Twelve-twenty, let these out,
Hear them give a hearty shout!

Twelve-thirty, more check in -
Oh, the music of their din!
Activities, to some a boon,
On the afternoon platoon.

Something goes on in every corner,
There's no time to be a mourner.
Don't you drop that paper, bub,
They'll get you in Clean City Club.

See the boys with radios,
They are really on their toes!
Some deliver movies, too -
Look, listen, and learn - we do.

In the health room they get Speech
When Miss Patterson doth teach.
You may pass by our Visiting Teacher
As she counsels some young creature.
Music springs from anywhere,
Even up the basement stair.

Have you ordered your supplies?
Has your Plan Book met his eyes?
Whose? Why, Mr. Lecky's - so
He's vice-principal, you know.

Sent a seven-sixty-three?
Whether it be he or she,
That will bring to light the reason,
Absent in or out of season.

Have you problems on your chest?
Here's a place, the very best,
In the office with Mrs. C,
And soon your troubles lighter will be.

There they go at Three-fifteen,
On the morrow they'll be seen.
Three-thirty - who goes now?
P.M. part-time. Good night, and how!

WFB